He made a bluſhing citall of himſelfe.
And chid his truant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſtred there a double ſpirit
Of teaching and of learning inſtantly:
There did he pauſe; but let me tell the world,
If he outliue the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe ſo ſweete a hope
So much miſconſtured in his wantonneſſe.
Hot. Cooſen, I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies: neuer did I heare
Of any prince ſo wild a libertie:
But be he as he will, yet once e're night,
I will imbrace him with a ſouldiers arme,
That he ſhall ſhrinke vnder my courteſie.
Arme, arme with ſpeed, and fellowes, ſouldiers, friendes,
Better conſider what you haue to do,
Then I that haue not wel the gift of tongue
Can lift your blood vp with perſwaſion. *Enter a meſſenger.*
Meſ. My Lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I can not read them now.
O, Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort:
To ſpend that ſhortnes baſely, were too long,
If life did ride vpon a dials point,
Still ending at the arriuall of an houre,
And if we liue, we liue to tread on kings,
If die, braue death when princes die with vs.
Now for our conſciences, the armes are faire,
When the intent of bearing them is iuſt. *Enter another.*
Meſ. My Lord, prepare, the king comes on apace.
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I profeſſe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his beſt: and here draw I a ſword,
Whoſe temper I intend to ſtaine
With the beſt blood that I can meet withall,
In the aduenture of this perilous day.
Now eſperance Percy, and ſet on,
Sound all the loftie inſtruments of war,
And by that Muſicke let vs all embrace,

For

For heauen to earth, f
A ſecond time doe ſu
Here they embrace,
power, alarme to
ter Blunt.
Blunt. What is thy
What honour doſt t
Doug. Know then,
And I doe haunt the
Becauſe ſome tell me
Blunt. They tell t
Doug. The Lord o
Thy likeneſſe, for in
This ſword hath end
Vnleſſe thou yeeld t
Blunt. I was not b
And thou ſhalt find a
Lord Staffords death
They fight, Do
Hot. O Douglas,
I neuer had triumph
Doug. Als done,
Hot. Where?
Hot. This, Doug
A gallant knight he
Semblably furniſh'
Doug. Ah foole,
A borrowed title ha
Why didſt thou tel
Hot. The king h
Doug. Now by m
Ile murther all his w
Vntill I meete the k
Our ſouldiers ſtand
Ala
Fal. Though I c
ſhot here, here's no
ſir Walter Blunt, t